



THE
MISSISKOU STANDARD
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POETRY.

Death.

Ah! who can tell how solemn 'tis to urge
Our onward footsteps through the vale of death;
To try the realms that lie beyond the verge
Of that dark stream, whence not a whispered
breath
Returns to tell of aught that spirits find,
When they have left the scenes of time behind;

Vainly the wild delusive dreams of time
May flutter round the spirit in that hour:
They cannot wash away a single crime,
They cannot dissipate the clouds that lower
So often o'er the tomb, nor shed one ray
Around the disembodied spirit's way.

Oh! vain is every hope but hope in heaven,
To soothe the parting spirit. Nought avail,
When the last feeble cords of life are riven,
All earthly consolations. Thro the vale
That separates eternity from time,
Ye, ye alone can guide us, Faith and Hope sub-
lime.

ARCULO.

THE BURNING SHIP.

From Lieutenant L'arson's Nelsonian Reminiscences.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Ere now you have heard of the lamentable catastrophe of the old Charlotte, and the miraculous preservation of your friend. I will as far as I can collect my ideas, give you a faint description of the horrid scene that keeps my brain in a whirl of agitation, and will ever remain while memory holds her seat. With many of the officers I was on shore at Leghorn, intending to accompany a large company to the opera, when a rumour reached me, that the ship was ordered to sea, under Captain Todd. Upon this I walked to the admiral's palazzo, and received notice to join instantly, as she was then unmooring. With a few, hastily collected, we repaired on board, leaving many young midshipmen, that had strayed away. God knows where, ashore, found the ship a stay peak, and heard the 'Pipe all hands make sail a-hoy—let fall—sheet home, and hoist away,' and our beautifully cut canvass stretched upon our square yards, decorated our taper masts, with the celerity of a well-organized ship, thick and dry for weighing. 'Brace the yards for casting to starboard,' said Captain Todd; 'and heave and a-weigh.' The drums and fifes struck up 'Coil away the hawser,' and the measured tramp of the men gave life and jollity to the scene, and was an excellent accompaniment to the heart-inspiring tune. 'She is a-weigh, Sir,' said the officer of the fore-castle to the first lieutenant, as the noble ship fell gracefully off to starboard, who, returning the salute, reported the same to the captain; and he, pacing the deck, looked a noble sea-officer of large proportions. And now, to reflect, that that godlike form is reduced to ashes, the muscles that gave Herculean strength to the goodly fabric shrivelled to nothing by intense heat, the very bones calcined, and the whole shapeless mass of ashes buried in the ocean's depth...but I am anticipating. At four that morning, having kept the middle watch, I left the goodly ship under her courses & top-gallant sails 'ploughing the waters like a thing of life,' a breeze having just sprung up, as she had been becalmed most of the night. The lighthouse was full in view, and not far distant. At six I was awake from a deep sleep by the firing of guns that, from their contiguity shook my cot. Alarmed at such an unusual circumstance, and with the hurried feet of men running to and fro, I made to the ward-room, upon which, a dense volume of thick black smoke drove me back, half suffocated and bewildered. I ran to the weather quarter gallery; and there, O God! what a sight burst on my view! The flames that rose from the quarter-deck, and gave it the appearance of the crater of a volcano, had just reached the mainmast; their glare was reflected strongly on the agitated faces of hundreds of men assembled on the fore-castle. 'There is Dundas,' said Lieutenant Erskine to me, for he had joined me in his shirt, in the quarter-gallery, 'there is Dundas, on the fore-castle, endeavoring to let go the anchors; I will join him or perish.'

'Better join the launch,' said I, which full of men, was making her best efforts, with only one oar, to increase her distance from the burning ship. Amidst the roar of artillery and the cries of despair, I heard the manly tones of Captain Todd's voice over my head. What he said I could not

make out; but poor Erskine, who was immoderately fat for a lieutenant, made his ascent to the quarter-deck bulwarks, along which he was climbing. The ship lurched to leeward, the bulwarks gave way with a horrid crash, and disclosed what might have passed for the mouth of hell, into which my poor friend was hurled in an instant. I heard his agonized cry, as the flame, like the tongue of a serpent, lapped him in his folds; I saw his last despairing glance thrown upon me, and the bright glow of the furnace threw a more lurid glare as it enveloped him. O God! it was a sickening sight! The sea was covered with struggling sailors; the few boats that ventured near, under a heavy fire, which the guns, that were all shotted, sent forth, were full to sinking. Some of our young midshipmen were in these boats, and forced the cowardly Italians into the fire at the point of their diaks. Both anchors were now cut away, and the noble ship swung head to wind in consequence. I found my post much incommoded by the smoke and flames that were now blown aft, and with the short ejaculation used by the publican and sinner, which came from my heart, I plunged into the water and struck out for the launch.

'There is no room, and we cannot take you in,' said many voices from the boat. 'Keep off, on your peril!' said a discordant one, as I grasped the gunnel of the well-filled boat, and a heavy blow broke two of the fingers of my right hand, and made me relinquish my hold. I then swam alongside the boat, and entreated them to save me. Though a few, with the generous quality that characterizes British seamen, would have risked the safety of the boat in my favor, still the majority were against me; and the ruffian who had disabled my hand sat watching me, ready to repeat the blow. To depict my feelings in this tremendous scene...they can be imagined, but not described. Under the stern of the burning ship that was discharging her hundred & thirty guns, were seen hundreds of men, swimming and floating on spars; in the distance, vessels afraid of venturing near the shot and expected explosion of the magazines; here and there a few Italian boats, with a young midshipman at the point of his diak, urging them to save the drowning; one or two from English merchantmen, regardless of all danger, loading with the swimmers, and dashing into the mouth of danger to receive those who, unable to swim, had hung on the blazing ship to the last. The flames now shot high above the mast-head, and reminded me of an eruption I had once viewed of Etna. It was very terrible, joined to the cries of the young, and the groans of the wounded, and the shouts and yelling of the burning. Finding myself much exhausted, I struck out for a man I saw on a grating. 'Hillo, shipmate!' said he, 'keep clear, for it is too small for both of us; boat a-hoy!' hailing one of the English ones, 'boat a-hoy!' if you have room for a spare hand, pick up this poor devil; as for me, I am doing well, and shall make the Isle of Gorgona in three hours.' Upon which he spread his handkerchief with his teeth and hands as a sail, and squatted on the grating apparently at his ease.

As I was giving up hope, which, in general, is slow to desert me, the boat, with the captain of the after-guard of the starboard watch...for it was the veteran John Nailor that had pointed me out for succour...hailed me in just in time to prevent me from sinking, for I had struggled with many a drowning wretch, who clutched me as men in that state will, and in consequence I had imbibed a quantity of water. I was roused from my torpid state by the blowing up of the after magazine, which detached the whole of her stern-frame from the body of the now splendid luminary that gave an idea of a world in conflagration. She now majestically raised her bow high in the air, with her tapering lofty masts & submerged, stern going down gracefully in the 'deep, deep sea.' Every cry was hushed, and the people held their breath as this beautiful fabric of human creation buried itself in the waves, and created an immense commotion in the agitated waters. A tremendous concussion followed, and 'Stand clear!' was shouted from the overloaded boats, as the mainmast descended from the immense height to which it was blown by the grand magazine exploding under water; had it taken place above, nothing could have survived the concussion. Down it came, with a horrible crash, tearing all before it, and put an end to the miseries of a hundred half-drowned wretches.

MY DEAR FRIEND...You will see by the above that I am partially recovering from the extreme depression caused by the horrid calamity detailed in my last. That dreadful scene of conflagration is ever before my eyes, and my nervous system (if

sailors are allowed to have nerves) will take some time to recover the shock. I still see the falling of our poor friend Lieutenant — into the blazing furnace, reflecting a strong light on his agitated countenance, as he turned it full upon me, filled with indescribable horror; the piercing and agonized shriek, to which I involuntarily responded, is for ever ringing in my ears; the darting of the forked flames from yard to yard, and mast to mast, till they soared above the clouds and illuminated the most minute object, making all as distinct as the meridian sun; the numberless sinking and struggling sailors; their despairing imprecations when beaten off from the already overloaded boats. One of them, I am told, in a violent paroxysm of madness, before he jumped overboard, deliberately broke the thigh-bones of a boy, and threw him into the boiling waters. You will recollect our old mess-mate, young Smithers, the doctor's son; nearly exhausted he caught at and grasped an oar pulled by a person we both know without much esteeming. This person, I am informed, cruelly shook him off to certain destruction, and flew to save a much greater man, whom he had seen lower himself from the bowsprit. He was successful, and I have no doubt promotion will be his reward. The last sight of poor Capt. Todd was on the poop. He then, half-clad, had pistols in his hands, preventing the quarter cutters from being lowered, and endeavoring to drive the men, intent on escape, to their duty. Poor gentleman! he was a gallant and good man, and fell a victim to the all-devouring flames.

The cause of this calamity is, I believe, truly stated; that the ship's being ordered so suddenly to sea obliged them to press the hay, intended for the cabin and wardroom stock, all night...When daylight broke, our old shipmate Robinson, called by us, as you will recollect, Bonaparte, from his dashing appearance, and wearing his cocked-hat fore and aft, like a midshipman with money in both pockets, being mate of the morning watch, commenced washing the deck. Having swabbed the larboard side, he directed the loose hay to be moved over the starboard, in order that it might go through the same process. In the hurry of moving, it was crowded on the match-tub, in which was the lighted match, placed under the centinel's charge at the admiral's door. (Every night a great quantity being so placed, without observing the match) It soon burst into a blaze, and the quarter deck was in flames before any check could be given. This confined the Captain and wardroom officers abaft, and the only one on the fore-castle was the Hon. L. Dundas, who let go the anchors, and kept the fire from spreading forward by the ship's swinging head to wind; therefore, most of the men saved were on the fore-castle. Had it been an English port, as we were not far from it, many more would have escaped with life. But the Italians were afraid of the shot that were dropping in all directions, as the ship swung, and looked on prudence as the better part of valour. They had likewise a well-founded horror of our magazines, that could not be flooded, and which blew the lower masts high into the air, occasioning great destruction to the half-drowned and struggling swimmers. I am told, that, as Lord Keith, after sending out everything from the mole that was fit for sea, stood on the outer battery, and through his glass saw the destruction of his noble ship, the finest in the British navy, the burning of his gallant Captain — and other officers, with hundreds of his men, his feelings quite unmanned him; and the big tears which coursed each other down his aged cheeks, with his convulsive sobs, attested the acuteness of his sufferings. He is a kind and amiable man, and has lost about six thousand pounds in plate and stock. But you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself, as the Foudroyant is intended to take his flag; when, my dear friend, we shall have an opportunity for many a long year on this melancholy subject, which is always uppermost in my thoughts. Would to God I could forget the heart-breaking sights I was then a spectator of! they haunt me even in sleep...Yours, ever truly. * *

From the MS. notes of a Detenu.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

When the French under the command of Dumourier, had completely defeated the Austrian army at Jemappes, they found among the heaps of dead and dying a female child, about three years of age. In what manner and by whom she had been brought into the field of slaughter no one could tell. The little innocent was guarded by a large black poodle, who would not readily allow the soldiers to approach; to this faithful animal the care of the child appeared to be entrusted. The partiality of the French military for dogs of this species

is well known. After much enticement he contented to partake of some nourishment, and allowed his charge to be taken by one of the soldiers, who placed her upon his knapsack; he belonged to the 40th regiment of Infantry, and it was unanimously agreed upon among the men of his battalion, that both child and dog should be adopted by the regiment...The poodle they called Felix, and the young girl was christened by the title of 'La Fille du Regiment.' By turns she was carried upon the backs of the soldiers who were delighted with the little creature, and she accompanied them to Holland. Upon several occasions she was in the midst of the battles in which the regiment was engaged, yet the roaring of cannon did not intimidate her; but her heart was ready to break when in a skirmish that took place on the banks of the Rhine, her favourite and faithful attendant, Felix, was wounded by a gun shot, and died in her arms. The regiment, after three years severe service, were ordered into garrison at Mons. Their protegee was now six years of age, when, by the advice of the colonel and officers, they determined on placing her in a respectable boarding-school to receive her education; and the sum of four thousand four hundred francs was collected in the regiment and delivered to the Mayor of the town, who was appointed her guardian. Having received sudden orders to march to some distant place, nearly all the men of the regiment came to the school where their beloved child was dwelling, tenderly embraced and bid her farewell forever, as in the course of a few years probably not an individual in the regiment would be alive — they perished in those sanguinary contests that took place in Italy...In 1808 I had an opportunity of seeing the young girl at Tournay, whither she had been removed by permission of the Mayor of Mons, who had obtained for her the situation of governess in the family of Count de L...She was beautiful, of extremely amiable disposition, and highly accomplished. I have heard her say that the recollections of the time she spent in the regiment were quite fresh and fraught with pleasing associations; she had not even forgotten the names of those persons who were more particularly kind to her, and she expressed herself with the deepest feelings of gratitude for the education she had received by their bounty. She often made enquiries of the officers, who were continually arriving from the scene of warfare in Italy, whether they had met with any of 'her dear Fortieth,' but alas! they had all disappeared from the earth. Her birth continued involved in mystery, and I never heard that she was able to ascertain who her unfortunate parents had been. In 1809, she was married to Baron de L., the colonel of a regiment, and also holding a situation in the Imperial Court. About this period I frequently used to see her going to the Palace of the Thuilleries, of which she formed one of the most brilliant ornaments; her amiable manners, her beauty and virtue, were the theme of universal admiration; and even at a time when so elevated in rank, she was not ashamed of acknowledging herself as 'the daughter of the regiment.' A young Englishman, who had been acquainted with her when she resided in the family of Count de L. was, in consequence of attempting to effect his escape from Valenciennes, ordered by the minister of the police to be confined in Bitche; from this fortress he contrived to get away, but was taken on the frontiers of Holland, tried by a Court-Martial as a spy, and sentenced to the galleys for life. Hearing that this lady possessed much influence at Court, he wrote and informed her of the dreadful situation in which he was placed, on the eve of being transferred with one hundred and fifty felons to the Bagne of Rochefort. The lady did all in her power to save the unfortunate youth, and at length obtained from Fouche an order to have him sent to the Citadel of Valenciennes, where he remained until the allied armies entered France. The sojourn of this amiable woman upon earth was but brief; her husband appears to have been acquainted with the mystery of her birth, but probably never made known to her the circumstances. Upon the marble-slab that covers her tomb is inscribed—'Cy git Madame la Baronne De. Son epoux la vit naître et mourir.'

Filial Virtue Illustrated.

This touching story, says the N. Y. Atlas, is told in an Edinburgh paper, and deserves, as the relater expresses himself, to be handed down to the latest generations. It will, we think, engage the feelings and improve the heart of any ingenious reader. Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, 'we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from

the window of our inn, which was opposite of the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden, (the rammer,) struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure.

'This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age: have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, Sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes: but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' — 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in service of the Honorable East India Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray, what has become of the third?' 'Alas! he became security for me: the poor boy engaged to pay my debts and being unable to fulfill the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings he resumed the discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son...this captain...never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate, my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father; he has often more than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burthened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying 'Where is he, then?—Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me...come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame. The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of that most affecting sight. Mr. W., one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, & advancing to the gentleman thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honor of you and yours to dinner in this inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his younger brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers:—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C., the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity, all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father: but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon

the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.' After dinner the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers...promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory, which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained the inhabitants of the burgh with an elegant dinner. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he shewed, indeed, that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C.—

UPPER CANADA.

From the Toronto Patriot, October 6

BAYHAM MEETING.

Glorious result of a Public Meeting at the Township of Bayham, on Saturday the 23d instant, convened by the enemies of the Queen and Constitution, for the purpose of subverting the lawful authority of the Government, as appeared in the notice thereof in the rebel newspaper published at St. Thomas.

The people having heard of the proceedings held two weeks before at a small Yankee village called Sparta, determined upon rallying round the standard of the Queen, to frustrate their knavish tricks, met the enemy at the appointed hour, when lo, the rebels finding themselves outnumbered, refused to organize their meeting, but with clubs, pikes, guns, hatchets, dirks, knives, brandished about with the most awful imprecations against the Queen's people, and in true Robespierian style harraing for Papineau and Liberty—(being of course, Reformers upon British principles,)—but the good people, nothing dismayed, took ground where this meeting was advertised, and on hoisting the national flag of England, proceeded in due form to organize the meeting, when Philip Hodgkinson, Esqr. was called to the Chair, and Doyle McKenny, Esqr., appointed Secretary. The Chairman explained the object for which they had met, being to defeat the designs of the enemies of their peace, when John Burwell, Esq., after reading the Queen's Proclamation, addressed the meeting at considerable length, during which he was several times cheered by the people; after which the following Resolutions were severally put, and unanimously adopted:—

1st. Resolved, That this meeting fully and affectionately acknowledge the Government of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, as by the Grace of God permitted and sanctioned.

2d. Resolved, That the people of these Townships, fully appreciating the advantages attendant on the blessings of honest industry, do not desire any invasion of their comforts by a constant agitation of the public mind, only to subvert the hopes and views of the idle and vicious for selfish gain from the credulity of the unwary.

3d. Resolved, That this meeting solemnly pledge themselves to stand by and defend the Government of their lawful Sovereign against the insidious attempts of the seditious and disaffected to promote a rebellion in this happy land.

4th. Resolved, That without law honestly obeyed, there is no liberty.

5th. Resolved, That the flag of England is the only lawful flag to be exhibited in this Province, and that all others are forgeries upon our rights and liberties.

6th. Resolved, That this meeting repudiates the attempts that have been made in some parts of this District, to promote the cause of rebellion in our Sister Province of Lower Canada.

7th. Resolved, That this meeting regards the arrival of Sir Francis Head in this Province, as a measure under the Providence of God, of checking the seeds of rebellion, then rapidly growing up.

8th. Resolved, That this meeting retains grateful recollection of the protection of the British Government, and do not desire any change in its organization in this Province, to promote confusion, strife and uncertainty.

9th. Resolved, That this meeting return their warm and grateful thanks to the Hon. Col. Talbot, for his fatherly protection of this settlement.

10th. Resolved, That this meeting do now disperse, and the people return to their respective homes, loyally holding themselves in readiness to obey the commands of their Sovereign and laws, whenever required.

The thanks of the meeting were then severally given to the Chairman and Secretary, for their steady conduct, and also to John Burwell, Esqr., for his address to the people, and for the resolutions he had prepared.

PHILIP HODGKINSON, Chairman.
DOYLE MCKENNY, Secretary.

Thus ended, and in the most peaceful manner, the Public Meeting called by the rebels for quite a different purpose, who seeing themselves so completely outnumbered, ran away to a log heap at some distance...and some boys, whose curiosity induced them to follow them, informed us, that nothing could be understood among them but huzzas for 'Papineau and Liberty,' as not one among the motley crew could audibly read the resolutions which

MacKenzie had transmitted for their adoption—and certainly a more unintellectual, ignorant and murderous-looking set of vagrants could not be gleaned from the most worthless of this District—the loyalists then went to Cook's Inn, and partook of refreshment, and then returned home; when the rebels, most of whom being from the south part of Yarmouth, found it convenient to 'clear out' without waiting to get any thing to eat.—Patriot.

A friend of ours says, that the Bayham meeting was a scene past description; and that the conduct of the club and pike men, from the south of Yarmouth, was so brutish, that had there not been a sufficient number of good and loyal men to wrest from them their war clubs and allay their fury, the consequences would have been awful. But let the impartial give an account of their barbarous actions, and then say who displayed the better feeling. Let the liberal talk no more of blood and butchery, but go home and wipe the stains from his own skirts, and ask forgiveness in sackcloth and ashes.—*Id.*

LOWER CANADA.

An Extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Whitwell, in St. Paul's Church, St. Armand.

No Minister, with whom I have had the honor of being acquainted, presents to view a nearer resemblance of the divine pattern set before us in the person of Jesus Christ, 'who went about doing good,' than does the late Bishop of Quebec; whose sterling christian virtues, and unremitting labors in 'doing good,' will live in the grateful memory of the present inhabitants of the two Canadas, and by them be transmitted, I doubt not, with honorable mention, to their children's children. Nay, I persuade myself that the very utterance of his revered name has even sent a thrill of joy mingled with sorrow through the hearts of many whom I have now the pleasure of addressing...sorrow, that we shall see his venerable and familiar face no more...joy, because having died 'in the Lord,' he rests from his labors and his works do follow him, and his name by a voice divine is pronounced 'blessed.'

The task I have imposed upon myself of sketching the character of the late Bishop Stewart, is rendered somewhat difficult, both from the Excellency of the man, and the particular knowledge which longer years of acquaintance may have given to some of you. Though the very circumstance of your having known him longer than I have, gives me encouragement to expect a favorable hearing; since, if you have learned from him to any good purpose, you must possess more or less of that christian grace for which he was so eminent...HUMILITY...which will make you the more candid hearers:

It is well known that the late Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Hon. and Right Rev. Charles James Stewart, D. D. was of an ancient and noble family in Scotland. Educated for, and regularly ordained into, the Church of England, he in a short time obtained a living; but possessing a Missionary spirit, he could not remain there. He therefore engaged, as curate, a man of his choice, to whom he committed the care of his parish, and gave the whole income arising therefrom. It is now about thirty years since he first came to this country as a missionary. Sixteen times had he crossed the Atlantic at the time I accompanied him to Canada, now sixteen years ago. His visits to England were chiefly for the purpose of raising subscriptions to aid in the building of new churches in the destitute part of both provinces, for which object also he contributed largely from his patrimonial and official income, for securing the rights and promoting the general prosperity of our beloved Zion, and likewise for helping forward the education of the inhabitants, especially of such as were struggling with the difficulties of a new and thinly populated country.

His charity or alms-giving was bounded only by his annual income, as he assured me, he was desirous that no balance for one year should remain over to the next.

He was a man of prayer and private devotion, reading usually, among other exercises, a chapter in the Greek Testament every day, and meditating thereon, that he might thereby 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Every Friday he observed as a fast, the former part of which day he spent, where practicable, in secret acts of piety. In recommending the practice of fasting, he said there was no use in arguing on the subject; remarking at the same time, with his characteristic vivacity and abruptness... 'Try it, try it.'

Having stored his mind with a large knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and theological sentiments and expressions from

Various sources, his habitual piety qualified him for extemporaneous prayer, in which he was uniformly able, solemn, and edifying. This I can speak to particularly, from having been his travelling companion, by sea and by land, a distance of nearly 6,000 miles: for, besides private religious conversation with the sailors and passengers as occasion offered, and to speak of the Sabbath sea service, when one of us read prayers and the other preached by turns, we alternately morning and evening, extemporaneously performed the duty of prayer whether with the passengers and crew on deck by sea, or at the family altar in the different habitations through this province where we tarried for a night.

In his pastoral and social visits, as he was a pattern to the priesthood, so was he 'an ensample to,' and a 'feeder of the flock;' generally speaking to the members of each family on the doctrines and duties, the experience and practice of Religion, either before or after engaging in prayer.

The nobility of his lineage, though naturally rendering him more acceptable as a christian minister, was not only no barrier or preventive to his expatriating himself, and engaging in the humble but arduous work of a missionary in this wild sylvan country, but furnished a sort of impetus to his missionary spirit: & as he had consecrated all his talents and abilities to the Lord's service in doing the work of an Evangelist, he laboured as though he viewed the success of his ministry was to crown him with more honor and far superior nobility, than what was purely accidental, because hereditary. Sufficient to him was the honor of being an 'ambassador for Christ,' beseeching sinners, 'in his stead to be reconciled unto God, to which no worldly honor can be compared. Contrasting him with other laborers in God's vineyard, it may with propriety be said of him, that he was 'in labors more abundant,—in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often:—Besides these things which were without, that which came upon him daily, the care of all the Churches!' The patient endurance of these things for the Gospel's sake, exhibited a nobility worth glorying in: yet in them he gloried not; nay, very seldom spoke of them. He studiously endeavored 'to give no offence in any thing that the ministry might not be blamed: but in all things approving himself as the minister of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distress—by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left;—constantly encouraging himself and others by this gracious declaration, 'if God be for us, who can be against us?'

The reward of merit is generally prosperity, or elevation to a higher post, bringing with it however, as its concomitants, more labor of the mind, more weighty cares, and a vast responsibility corresponding with that elevation. Thus, Dr. Stewart, having been found faithful by exemplary diligence, steady piety, and becoming zeal in the discharge of the duties of a stationed missionary, was appointed to the active situation of visiting missionary, with discretionary power to open new missions where the people engaged to build a church, and to carry the Gospel and the Institutions of our church into places where the spiritual wants of a growing population loudly demanded them, and as he went along through the wilderness in the spirit of the primitive heralds of Christ, he preached wherever there was a door opened unto him, saying, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;' at the same time visiting and praying with the sick, administering consolation to their minds, and, with liberal hand, supplying what they lacked in temporal things, for the comfort and relief of their perishing bodies: 'for he held, what none can deny, and as he declared to me in private conversation, that 'we must do good to the bodies of men as well as their souls.' Few indeed are they, who in this way so faithfully copied the example of his divine master, 'who went about doing good.'

R. W.—L.

Philipsburg, Oct., 1837.

For the Missiskoui Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE—No. 45.

Now that the long evenings of winter have commenced, permit me, my long honored readers, to suggest to your consideration, the great advantage that would result from the employing a certain portion of your evenings in family reading.

There are, I trust, in your possession, many good books, and if there are not, you can easily procure a few. When the business of the day is all closed up, and the family, snugly seated at the fireside, or around the equable heat-giving stove, one of the family can read while the others are at work. This mode of spending a winter evening you must be convinced will be attended with many advantages. It will help to increase the knowledge and information of all the inmates—it will improve them if they take it by turns, in the art of reading. It will always furnish them with something rational and useful, for meditation and conversation, and, in proportion as it is practised, it will banish from them the inclination to indulge in frivolous talk, and the slandering gossip of empty heads and long tongues.

In very few of our fireside societies can every one sit down by himself in a corner to the regular perusal of a book, or even a Newspaper, but when one reads for the whole it is the same as if each read alone, besides, that it has the advantage of not being detrimental to the progress of industry. When this is not done, it too frequently happens that some one of the family, perhaps, he that ought to set a good example before all the rest, as their head and guide, spends his time in certain places of resort, too well known to require a special description, where but little can be learned, heard or seen, except the loud boisterous jest, and what, in common slang is called, a good story, to say nothing of all that is seen.

Before education had become so general as it is in our age, and before dissipation had driven out of society the consideration of serious things, in the vacant hours of the long evenings, conversation, even among those that could neither read nor write, was more rational than it generally is now. Old men are yet alive, as relics of 'the times of old,' who remember that in their younger days the gray-headed fathers employed their winter evenings, around the blazing fire, in relating the traditional lore, and the 'deeds of days of other years,' that had descended from their ancestors. I do remember the veneration with which the oral historian was heard, by both old and young. The compositions of the Bards formed likewise an interesting part of the intellectual feast of the soul. But now conversation is rapid...mere shreds of every thing, and nothing long. It is all about 'profit and loss,' 'what shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?'

As the winter is now beginning, take the hint that I have given. Wherever the 'Fire side' is read, be sure that one of the family read it for one evening to all of the rest; and on the other evenings, let it be followed, by a portion from better works. Follow this plan regularly through the winter, and if you be not at the end better informed, and better disposed, than if you had read nothing, you must be very dull. It is likely I shall read some myself...I have already got through with a few of Cowper's Poems, and some others of the same genuine stamp, and if we all read a little, we shall have something to talk of when we meet, besides telling one another 'what we all know, that the day is cold, or wet, and the roads bad.'

J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, OCT. 24, 1837.

Copies of an ADDRESS to the QUEEN, emanating from the Constitutional Association of Montreal, are left at the Stores of Messrs. O. J. and Levi Kemp, in this village, to receive the signatures of Her Majesty's subjects, & we trust that the names will be numerous.

We have learned, as noticed in our columns, that eight new members will soon be summoned to the Legislative Council, among whom are Mr. DE ROUVILLE, once or twice, in by gone days, the member for the County of Bedford, & Mr. DE BLEURY; and that the Hon. DEBARTZCH, has been appointed for the Executive Council. These appointments may excite wonder, if any thing wonderful could now emanate from certain high quarters. Who has ever heard any thing about Mr. De Rouville, except seeing his long sounding name in the roll of the Assembly? For any purpose good or bad, the gentleman is an absolute figure nine without a tail. If he were a certain animal, he would weigh in the scale, and command a good price. The other two have, undoubtedly, purposes known to themselves, and voluble tongues. If, in good faith, they have deserted their rebel party, and returned to their duty, let them be received with kindness, not as directors and masters. Was it ever heard, or seen or known, that such men, doubly sunk in treason, were at once raised to the highest posts of honour and trust in the Councils of a country, over the heads of loyal men and true?

Why is the Doctor of the *Vindicator* omitted? Does it ever enter the head of the Governor that her Majesty's native born subjects, by descent, and by naturalization, loyal and true, and determined, if possible, to maintain the power of Her Sceptre in this Province, deserve any consideration? We really wonder that his Excellency's friends, in the land of his birth, do not urge it upon him to resign a situation, in which

it is evident he can do no good, but much harm.

A grand Constitutional Meeting was to have been held yesterday in the Place D'Armes, Montreal. The requisition for the meeting, as reported last Friday, was signed by 1680 persons. We hope it was firm, energetic, but peaceable. The audacity of the rebels, has begun to excite very strong feelings in Montreal, but we think they feel strong. A rumour has, indeed, reached us, that a declaration of independence, signed by forty fellows, has been issued. If any rising will take place, it will only prove that the men are mad, and bent on their own destruction. They talk of independence, in the face of all the English of Lower and Upper Canada!! There may, in the course of time be independence, but it never will be *French Independence*. Urging the peaceable simple-minded, but illiterate habitants to acts of rebellion, is, on the part of their lying leaders, the most atrocious conduct. They stop at no means to deceive. One member of the Assembly has been known to tell the people, in his language at the Church door, that the cause of complaint was, that Government would not pay its servants their salaries! Another told an American gentleman, that the reason of their complaint and opposition was, that the Government upheld the feudal system, with all its burthens, of *rents, lods-et-ventes, quintes, and banal mills*, to the great detriment and oppression of the people...that for want of Registry Offices, which the people want, and the Government refuse, they cannot improve their farms, nor sell to advantage, because they can offer no security that can be relied upon. Such gentlemen lie wilfully & knowingly, in order to deceive. The reverse is the truth.

It is now evident that the crime of treason against the State, though still marked on the pages of our old books, is unknown in Canada. It would not surprise us if the brightest loyalty were soon to be visited as treason.

Two of the Montreal Prints are using all their arts of seduction to inveigle the Troops from their sworn duty and allegiance. The deafest ear has heard it proclaimed a thousand times that the violation of the Laws is a patriotic virtue. When these state crimes are not made amenable to the insulted Laws of the country, what can we expect? What sort of authority is over us? When false-hearted traitors are admitted into our Supreme Councils, before any evidence is had of sound conversation, where is our safety? The Trojan horse is actually admitted into the Citadel. It is well that the loyal subjects of the Queen, are on the watch. We earnestly trust, they will consider our position calmly, wisely, energetically, and be on their guard against the demon of discord. Let them remember the bundle of twigs given by the dying man to his sons to break in the gross; & how it resisted all attempts, but was easily snapped, one after another, when taken singly. Let us be unanimous, and we shall be strong.

From the Montreal Herald.

The Legislative Council is at length to receive a reinforcement of five French and three English names. We say names advisedly, for to begin with the second on the list, no one can pretend, that J.B.R.H. DeRouville can ever, even by a royal commission, be rendered anything but a name. The man cannot write either French or English, and, if a defendant were entitled to a writ in his own language, J. B. R. H. DeRouville might congratulate himself on a perpetual exemption from the liability to be sued. Well, some governors have a strange mode of conciliating differences. Here is a Frenchman to be elevated to one of the highest stations in the colony, whose only act that could make people think of him when they did not see him, was the perpetration of a tissue of vulgar and illiterate virulence against the English merchants of Montreal. Why, there are not two men in the country above the capacity of a ninny, that would voluntarily select J. B. R. H. DeRouville as an arbitrator of the most petty difference.

As to the other members of the list, we can shall not venture to say much. We can only state, that there is hardly one of them, whom we should have selected as our law-giver; and of one or two of them the highest praise seems to be, that nobody beyond their own respective circles, or, if we may coin a word, circlets, knows either good or bad about them.

But bad as is all this, the promotion of Mr. Debarzsch to a seat in the Executive Council is infinitely more disgraceful to the government and pernicious to the country. Good heavens! What dastardly baseness for a government to engraft into its very self a bloodthirsty traitor to his king, whose only merit has been his second treason to his party! It is vain for Mr. Debarzsch to shift from his own shoulders the respon-

